

IMPARTIAL GAZETTEER,

AND

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW-YORK: Printed and Published by HARRISSON AND PURDY, at their PRINTING-OFFICE, No. 3, PECK-SLIP; where Subscriptions are taken in at *Ten Shillings* per annum; Essays, Articles of Intelligence, Advertisements, &c. are gratefully received.

A S S I Z E of B R E A D,
Established in Common Council, Dec. 5, 1787.
A Loaf of inspected superfine Wheat Flour, to weigh Two Pounds Five Ounces, for Six-Pence.

A Loaf of Rye Flour, to weigh One Pound Twelve Ounces, for Three Pence.

THE SOLILOQUY of THIRZA, the WIFE of ABEL.

THIRZA, the first night of her sad widowhood, unable to sleep, had quitted her lonely bed. She left her cottage, and went to the grave of her husband, where seating herself on the damp grass, she wept among the clouds. She view'd with fix'd eyes the starry firmament; then turning to the grave, said, Here lies all that made life desirable; all my repose, all my joy, lies under this earth, which now imbibes my tears. Sleep has forsaken my weary'd eyelids; no rest remains for me: Flow on, flow on, my tears, ye are my sole consolation: My melancholy hours shall be spent in bewailing thy loss, my dearest husband!—shall be spent near thy precious remains, in gloomy sadness. 'Tis true, I have seen thee—I have seen my beloved array'd in heavenly glory: But ah! I am depriv'd of his sweet society, of his tenderness his endearing care, through the remainder of a life of calamity and wretchedness. In vain I try'd to rest on the conjugal couch; my spirits forsook me; I almost fainted, while the sweet pledge of our love lay by me, lock'd in the arms of sleep. The little innocent smil'd in his guiltless slumbers. Alas! he knows not yet the woes of mortals—he knows not his own irreparable loss! Ah my infant! I deplore thy misfortune, forever depriv'd of a tender father, an instructor of thy childhood, a guide to thy youth, and the friend of thy riper years. Thy wretched mother, a prey to keen distress, torn by heart-piercing anguish, will want the strength—will want the wisdom to supply thy loss. O my child, how are we bereav'd! How is every comfort ravish'd from us!—Horrid reflection! ravish'd from us by the hand of a brother! Where is he?—Where is the miserable?—Where has his remorse—where has his despair driven him? O thou infinite clemency! God propitious! despise not my supplications, turn not from my prayer, while with unwearied fervor I entreat thee for him. Hear him, O God of grace and consolation, when he cries to thee from the dust—when in deep penitence and sincere contrition of heart, he bewails his crime, and implores thy mercy.

Her agony of soul now stopt her voice: But soon she cry'd, as she rais'd her weeping eyes to heaven, Bright star of night, often hast thou been witness of our chaste endearments, when thy soft light illum'd our path. Often hast thou been

witness to this sublime converse, when he describ'd the charms of virtue; the delight of an approving conscience. Thou now can'st only shed thy beams on his silent grave. Bury'd in the dust lies every human excellence: The consolation, the hope, the joy of his weeping parents! Here sleeps to wake no more, my love, my life, my husband! She now continued long silent abandon'd to speechless grief. At length, surveying the objects round her, she fix'd her melancholy eyes on the fragrant enclosure, where she and her dear companion us'd to pass their most delightful hours. Ah! lovely bower! she cry'd; thou now art solitary. In vain the pale moon pierces thy aromatic shades. There, dear departed Abel! the ruddy evening saw thee pour forth thy soul in holy rapture. The remembrance of thine intense devotion, thy fervent piety, thy humble love, has lighted up in my heart a sacred fervor. I will rise above this grief. The darkness of my soul is dispelled by the dear remembrance, as the rising moon chases from the horizon the gloom of night. O my beloved! in yonder sweet retreat, how has devotion animated thine eyes! How wert thou rais'd above mortality, when thou, in the joyful exultation of thine heart said, what an happiness is it, my dearest Thirza, to be virtuous! What a privilege to be permitted to supplicate, to love him from whom all these beauties are but emanations! What an unspeakable felicity, to be conscious that the angels who surround us approve our actions! What, my beloved wife, he added, taking my hand, what delight is there in this beautiful creation, that can be compared to the constant assurances of the Divine presence?—to the consciousness of virtue? To him who departeth not from his integrity, who panteth after perfection, death itself has lost many of its terrors. O my Thirza! continued the dear departed saint, if I quit my dust before thee—before thee remove to bliss, short and moderate be thy grief: Weep not long over my perishing clay. What are the days of this short life compared with eternity! We shall meet again in the realms of purity and joy, to part no more. Dearest Abel! I replied, while my tears flowed, neither if I first leave my dust, do thou give way to fruitless sorrow: shed not many tears over my senseless corpse. We shall, my love, be re-united: We shall together enjoy everlasting happiness: We shall meet—Oh extacy! never, never to part more!—O my soul! sink not under thy grief. Sublime are the consolations offered thee. Remember thy dignity—reflect on thine immortality—look beyond the present calamity—rejoice in the salvation that awaits thee. Didst thou perish with the frail body, where would be my hope? What could assuage my sorrow? Well might I lament over this grave—Well might I pray that an end were put to my wretched being—but—I shall live for ever! I will rise above this dispiriting grief. Yes my dearest husband! if thy enobled soul—if thy angelick mind still retaineth any love, any concern for my happiness, thou wilt be pleas'd to know that thy precepts,

thine example has inspired me with fortitude—has taught me to bear up under the unavoidable afflictions of mortality. Dear angel! if thou still hoverest over me, thou shalt be witness to my endeavours to repel this fruitless grief: but my tears still flow—I cannot yet command my sorrow. I must a little longer weep on this precious dust. I will erect around the grave an arbour of cypress: under the melancholy shade I will mourn my loss; but under it too will I contemplate in holy transport, on the happy moment when I shall meet my beloved; when like him I shall be free from all impurity, all sorrow, all sin, and eternally out of the reach of death. This ravishing prospect will—it does abate my anguish. She now arose from the grave, but instantly cry'd, sinking again on her knees, O horrid reflection, our brother murdered him! O God of goodness! hear my supplications: Shew favour unto the unhappy sinner: Hear him when he cries unto thee: Destroy him not, O God in thy wrath. Save him O gracious God!—Save him from eternal perdition. My petitions for his final happiness shall ascend to thee in the early dawn. I will pray for him without ceasing. He is still my brother.

THE VILLAGE PAIR; or YOUTHFUL INNOCENCE.

THE beauties of a country life, has ever been invariably praised in all stations of human existence.—The ease, serenity, pleasure and innocent amusements found therein, untainted by ambition or vice, affords the mind a continual delight. To those who all their lives have resided in the country, these pleasures are perfectly enjoyed, but not so distinctively seen as by the man who has viewed the varied scenes of life, can philosophically contemplate on them, and form his comparisons between them: To such a man, war, in general, just or unjust, appears full of horror and cruelty; commerce and trade replete with fraud and knavery; the greatest cities, where public surety is least to be found; all courts, great or little, full of the ambitious, envious, calumniators, voluptuous and libertines; while a country life furnishes seldom a circumstance to human passions to embitter content and happiness.

These thoughts were occasioned by the sight of a youthful pair, seated under the shade of a spreading sycamore their years were yet too young for love; yet nature, like the reviving spring, seemed ready to unfold the bud. Unwilling to disturb them, I passed slowly, contemplating on rural quiet, when alarmed by a sudden shriek, I flew back to the spot where I left the youthful couple. A viper that had lain concealed, under an adjoining bush, had crawled unheeded on, and with his envenomed teeth, had wounded the fair damsel. Struck with the sudden smart, she shrieked and fainted, while the youth amazed at this disturbance, look wildly round to find the fatal cause; at length he spied the enemy, and springing with eager haste he ran towards me, and seizing a small

switch I had in my hand, punished the destructive foe with death. His care now was all turned towards the recovery of his fair companion, and with the assistance of some water from a neighbouring brook, he restored her,—but this was not the whole; new anguish hurt his youthful heart; the fair one's foot began to be inflamed: He knew well the fatal event that might ensue, and wept because he could not give relief. I had now approached near them, and having seen the wound, was happy in being able to destroy the venom from the animal itself: but who can paint the joy that glowed in the youth's visage; his heart overflowed with thanks, which almost denied his tongue the power of speech. Remarking this confusion I left them, not to give pain to the generous mind, by forcing what gratitude would not permit the utterance of, fully satisfied with the thanks I read in their eyes and features.

Happy years, happy pair, said I to myself, as I walked towards my home, what would the enthroned monarch give for thy serenity, thy innocence of mind. If thou enjoyest not the luxuries of life, thou also knowest them not, and sleep contented from the blissful ignorance. In vain, in ambition, titles, riches or courtly dignity, a man may place his *plus ultra* of happiness;—'tis all delusive;—the ambitious mind ne'er at rest, cannot afford the heart repose.—The titled peer, though above many of his fellow-creatures, by the coronet which lifts him up, yet the weight of the bawble is irksome, and becomes uneasy; when the inward part is touched with care, external ornaments will not relieve. The miser may hoard and still heap up useless ore, but is still hankering after greater sums; his mind will ne'er be easy, though the mines of Peru and Mexico were in his possession. Therefore whoever looks on this life in a discerning glass, will perceive that happiness on earth is alone to be found where the heart and mind are not vitiated nor corrupted, and those who approach the nearest that state must be such who are not acquainted with the temptations of vice, and applaud the rural life.

THE DELINEATOR, NUMBER III.

To the DELINEATOR,

S I R,

I AM now, about two and twenty, an unfortunate limb of the law, that is, I am, after having served a regular clerkship, obliged to stick to a writing desk, from Monday morning till Saturday night, for a bare pittance scarcely sufficient to support nature, tho I exercise the greatest economy imaginable, as I am obliged to make a decent appearance, and would be unwilling to run in debt even if I could get credit.

But my present slavery and indigence, constitute the least part of my misfortunes. I am naturally of a warm, I might say an amorous constitution; but having a regard for my health, and being possessed of some delicacy, I cannot yield to the importunities of low life prostitutes, and I have no occasion to tell you it is not in my power to figure with an *impure* of the *haut ton*, if my ambition led me to it.

In a word, sir, I am much inclined to engage in, what I think, the happy state of Matrimony, and I have a most amiable object in view, whom I have reason to believe entertains a mutual passion for me. But alas! her situation too much resembles my own, she is obliged to work for her livelihood, and though, with great industry she makes a genteel appearance, what would become of us if we were to unite and have, as would probably be the case, a numerous offspring? I think it might

easily be predicted, without the power of prophecy, that the gaol would be my doom, and the workhouse an asylum for my wife and children.

In this dilemma and under these very untoward circumstances, sir, I address you, to have your opinion, or that of some of your intelligent correspondents, respecting my future conduct; for tho the scripture says, and there is no disputing its authority, "It were better to marry than burn," I think, with all humble submission to such high authority, "It were better to remain single than to starve in prison."

However, sir, I shall be guided by your advice, or that of your sapient correspondents; I therefore intreat you to insert this in your next, that I may as soon as possible, receive the opinions of the learned and judicious; for I am afraid I shall not hold out much longer, as I found Sophy reading the marriage ceremony, and the bible opened of itself, where it was so emphatically expressed, "It were better to marry than burn."

Heigh ho! it is dreadful to marry in our situation; but to burn, that is a thousand times worse.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

AN UNFORTUNATE SWAIN.

The Delineator acknowledges that the interrogatory put to him, in the preceding, involves in it so many perplexities, that he is under the necessity of calling in the assistance of his correspondents, whose favours he solicits upon this occasion.

Foreign Intelligence.

VIENNA, June 11.

We have just received a report, that the Turks have retaken Sabacz from our troops, which again opens a free communication between Beigrade and the Turkish army. It is also said, that the Turks are marching in force against Jassy, in order, if possible, to retake that place. However our troops in these parts have received reinforcements.

H A G U E, June 26.

All the seven provinces have explained themselves relative to the proposal of the states of Holland and west Friesland, "that the charges of Hereditary, Stadtholder, Governor, Captain, and Admiral General, should be hereditary in the serene house of Orange, as it was settled in the year 1747, and confirmed to the present Stadtholder in 1779;" in consequence of which the States General came to the following resolution, viz. "That the respective provinces should enter into one common bond for the mutual guarantee of the Hereditary Stadtholdership, and the charges of Captain and Admiral General, not only as an essential part of the constitution and form of government of each province, but as the fundamental law of the seven United Provinces, when they were at the treaty of Utrecht formed into a body politic."

G R E N O B L E, June 17.

The occurrences yesterday were truly alarming. The Duke de Tonnerre was in danger of losing his life; the people assaulted his hotel, and having forced their way through the guard got into it, and fired through the windows; they then endeavored to find the Duke, saying his skull should make a mitre for the prime minister; they broke all the doors, windows, and tables of his cabinet of natural history, &c. The whole was a frightful spectacle, and many were wounded, both citizens & soldiers. The adjutant of the royal regiment of marines had the im-

pudence to order them to fire on the people, and the carnage would have been dreadful, but for the coolness and pressing intreaties of the first President, and the timely and wise proceedings of the Comte de la Tour du Pin Rollier, who at length got an order for the troops to retire, and tranquillity was restored; but the people continue to guard the Magistrates carriages, to hinder their departure. There is still a great fermentation; and those people who cannot forgive the soldiers for firing on them, and killing and wounding some of them, endeavour to excite a discontent among the mountaineers. Much depends on the answer which a courier, dispatched to Versailles by M. de Tonnerre will procure.

L O N D O N, June 21.

The following laughable circumstance actually happened last week to the Duke of Orleans; he set out from town in a post-chaise, accompanied by his favourite French dog, with the venetian blinds down, to the house, which he has taken for the summer in Surrey. He stopped for a few minutes at a house on the road, when his two servants supposing that each other had let their master into the chaise again, made a sign to the post-boy to drive on which he accordingly did, and left the Duke behind. When the chaise reached Dorking, a concourse of people assembled to catch a sight of his Grace's perion—but on opening the chaise door, what was the astonishment both of the spectators and the servants, to behold bounce out—a French dog! The Duke, however, coming up a little time after in a hack, removed their consternation, and joined in the general laugh.

Extract of a letter from Euniskillen, June 17.

July 1. "A discovery has been made here, which is of the greatest importance to the nautical world. Mr. James Maguire, a writing master in this town, has discovered a method of finding out longitude with the greatest exactness, and so that it is plain to the meanest capacity; the longitude may, by this, be discovered as well on sea as on land. He set off from this place yesterday, in order to lay his discovery before the Lords of the Admiralty."

Authentic Extract of a letter from Sir Robert Ainslie to the Marquis of Carmarthen, dated Constantinople, April 15, 1788.

"My letters from Smyrna, dated the 31st ult. inform me that the plague had made no alarming progress there nor at Scio, in the last fifteen days. Here, my Lord, it seems to increase with bad symptoms, which is truly alarming in this advanced season. The letters from Adrianople make no mention of the contagion; but my last from the Dardanelles, dated the 13th inst. inform me the plague has broken out there."

Letters from Germany declare, that the Emperor has issued an order for pressing the Jews into the military service.

American Intelligence.

N E W - B R U N S W I C K, August 26.

The great fall of rain on Monday and Tuesday last, occasioned the river Raritan to overflow its banks, in consequence of which the low lands adjacent, were covered with water, and great damage done to corn, buckwheat, hay, &c. On Wednesday morning between one and two o'clock the water rose to such a height, in this city, as to fill most of the cellars in Water-street, and the store houses on the docks. The damage sustained must be very considerable, especially in the articles of salt, lime, lumber, &c.

POUGHKEEPSIE, August 26.

Tuesday last we had the severest storm of wind and rain that had been remembered for twenty years at this season of the year. It had been cloudy and rained by spells for three days before, the wind shifting several times in that period. But on Tuesday morning it rained moderately with a light wind from the south east, which about 11 o'clock shifted to the N. E., somewhat increased. At 12 got about N. still blowing harder, and kept shifting westerly and increasing till one o'clock, when for about an hour it seemed to be fixed at W. and blew with such violence, that the largest oaks in the woods could not withstand its fury—and at which time rained so violently, that the creeks in this neighbourhood as well as those 20 miles distance, were raised to such a degree as to take away bridges; and others, being very strong, the water run over the top, and floated away the plank with which they were covered. Great numbers of fruit trees were torn up by the roots, and fences laid to the ground. Every field of corn, wherever the storm had reached was level'd to the ground. We are happy however, to find most of the cornfields have so recovered as to make the prospect near as flattering as before the storm.

From the great quantities of wood which is floating on the river near this place, we have reason to apprehend there has been more damage done to the northward of us than near this town. A great plenty of apples, pumpkins and squashes have been driving down the river.

NEW-YORK, AUGUST 30.

Extract of a letter from Boston.

"In one of our papers there is an account from Danvers, of a woman who died at an inn, of a puerperal fever—a stranger, supposed to be from Connecticut, &c. I need not mention the whole, as you will doubtless see it. What I mention it for is, that I think the story may serve as a good moral lecture to young ladies: For this lady whose conduct appeared to mysterious, proves to be the daughter of a deceased clergyman, in Connecticut. She was handsome genteel and sensible, but vain and coquetish; a great reader of romances. She refused two as good offers of marriage as she deserved, because she aspired higher than to be a clergyman's wife; and having coquetted till past her prime, fell into criminal indulgencies, proved pregnant and then eloped—pretending (where she lodged and died) to be married, and carried on the deception till death."

Extract of a letter from Dublin, June 16.

"A letter from a merchant at Liverpool, to his friend in this city, mentions, that the Swallow, a fine vessel of 400 tons, commanded by Capt. Doran, with a crew of seventy men, was unfortunately surprized by a large number of the natives who boarded her in the night of the 16th of March last, as she lay at anchor in the river Bonny, on the windward coast of Africa. The brave crew, a mixture of English, Scotch and Irish, made a desperate resistance, and getting a few swivels on the quarter deck, pointed them so well at the invaders that numbers of them fell on all sides, and the remainder, finding the crew so resolute, jumped, like water dogs, into the river; few or none taking time to get into the boats. The vessel, thus freed from the worst of dangers, continued firing her swivels and small arms at the wretched fugitives for near half an hour, and it was thought that many must have been maimed, or sent to the bottom, the distance from shore being above a mile. On the part of the Swallow seven men were wounded with iron falcions, spikes and small stones, with which the negroes muskets were charged. The Captain received several shot in his clothes, but without any other accident. The

vessel engaged a large body of slaves on a different part of the coast, and is supposed to have sailed for the West-Indies about the beginning of May."

Friday the 22d inst. arrived at Boston, the Squadron of the naval armies of his Most Christian Majesty, under the command of the Right Hon. the Marquis de Senneville. The Squadron sailed from Cape Francois the 2d inst. and consists of 7 sail, viz. the Superbe, of 80 guns, (the Admiral ship) L'Achilles, of 74 guns, commanded by the Chevalier Macarty de Martegue, four frigates from 32 to 36 guns; and one twenty gun ship.

By accounts from Copenhagen, dated May 2, we are informed that Capt. Paul Jones had embarked at Elsinour, on board a ship for Petersburg, he being engaged in the marine service of that power. The Imperial minister of Copenhagen having agreed with him for that purpose, and furnished him in the name of the Emperor with one thousand ducats, for the expence of his voyage.

This is the age of extraordinary wages.—A gentleman of Ireland has made bets with various persons, to the amount of his estate and personal fortune, that he will, from a stated time, set out for Jerusalem, remain there a convenient time, and return again to that kingdom; the whole to be performed in fourteen months. If he is successful he doubles his fortune, as by agreement he receives double value for all that he has staken. In favor of those who have taken him up, there are risks of seas, accidents by land, sickness to detain him beyond his time, or perhaps death to put an end to the business.—It is certainly a very extraordinary undertaking.

Died on Thursday last, justly lamented by all who knew him, Capt. Daniel Shaw, in the 55th year of his age, after a tedious and painful illness, which he bore with great patience, and met death with a cheerful resignation to the Divine will. His remains, attended by a large number of respectable citizens, were yesterday interred in the old Presbyterian Church yard.

"—Tis but a night a long a moonless night,
"We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.
"Thus at the shut of ev'n, the weary bird
"Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
"Cov's down and dozes till the dawn of day,
"Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away."

ARRIVALS since our last.

Brig Nelly, Buchanan, Martha Brae.
Schooners.—Hester, Swift, Edenton. Good Intent, Matthew, Antigua. Mary, M'Culloch, Montego Bay. St. Joseph, Waffon, Cape Francois. Edward, Smith, Shelburne. Beauforth, Saltus, Charleston.

Sloops.—Rebecca, Curseng Baltimore. Philadelphia and N. York Packet, Albertson, Philadelphia. Clinton, Abel, St. Eustatia. Maria, Elliot, Charleston. Sally, Craufon, New-Providence. James, Potter, Cape Francois. Sanfouci, —, Petersburg and Norfolk. Nancy, Tinker, Newburn. John, Willis, Kingston, Jamaica. Peggy, Cahoon, Rhode-Island. Washington, Paddington, do. Hancock, Brown, do. Lady Haley, Tillinghurst, do. Brothers, Waton, Digby, Carleton, Attwater, New-Providence. Lucy, Clark, St. Martins. Greenwich, Pierce, Alexandria.

Bibles, testaments, spelling-books, Watts's psalms and hymns, leaguers and journals, blank cyphering-books, writing do. sealing wax and wafers, quills, black lead pencils, writing paper, seaman's journals, and a general assortment of BOOKS and STATIONARY, may be had at the Printing-Office, No. 3, Peck-slip.

Messrs. PRINTERS,
Please to insert the following, and you'll oblige your's, &c.

NOBODY.

WHAT a brute is there, said my friend pointing to an overgrown fellow who was endeavoring to rise a hill with his cart,—see! see! how unmercifully he beats the poor animal, because he cannot draw both him and the load—give me your cane, I'll teach him humanity,—stop fir—I admire your warmth—it shows the goodness of your heart—but do not be hasty—these fellows are as impudent as they are insensible, and you may get insulted without redress,—besides a quarrel with them, will answer no good purpose;—if I am not mistaken there is a law which expressly forbids a carman riding on his cart on a severe penalty—pray why is not the law put in force?—Ah! said a Frenchman standing at my elbow,—vat is every body's business in dis country is nobodys; and de Mayer as you call him, has no feeling vor de horse, oderwise de laws vould be put into de execution—very true Monsieur, very true indeed.

August 29th.

NOBODY.

A NECDOTE.

TWO witty clergymen in Ireland, who had been classmates through the greater part of their studies, and between whom the most cordial friendship always subsisted, were brought together by a meeting of the synod. When the business of the day was over, their wonted cheerfulness and familiarity returned. After the reciprocal relation of a number of occurrences, But, says P. to M. the most unaccountable of all is the following: Last Sunday, when I was about half through my sermon, a cow came and stood with her head in the church door, and set up such a violent roaring, that all the congregation stared, many of them smiled, and I myself could hardly keep the thread of my discourse. M. stop him short, and says, was it much matter of wonder to hear the cow roaring, when she saw the calf in the pulpit making such a noise?

SIX PENCE REWARD.

RAN away from the subscriber, on Monday the 25th of August, an apprentice BOY, named JOHN SULLIVAN, a shoe-maker by trade, about 19 years of age, five feet six inches high, stout built, broad shouldered, short light hair, blue eyes, down look, no beard; had on when he went away, a brown coat, green waistcoat, corduroy breeches, and a castor hat, and took with him one white and one check shirt, one pair of thread stockings, one pair of tow trowles. —Whoever will secure said apprentice, so that his master may have him again, shall be entitled to the above reward.

DENNIS STRIKER.

N. B. All persons are forbid harboring him at their peril.

JUST PUBLISHED,
And to be Sold at this Printing Office,
The American Magazine
For JULY 1788.

Genteel Board

Lodging to be had at No. 3. E situation is pleasant and retired, of the street, it being a back gentleman who would wish to be accommodated with a ready far-

Poet's Corner.

Messrs. PRINTERS,

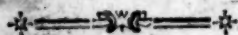
Please to insert the following SOLUTION to Leander's Riddle, which appeared in your paper of the 16th inst. and much oblige
SELIMA.

SHE needs no wings; she makes but too much haste;

She needs no weapons, for she wounds too fast.
Old maids, and belle's, and beaux care the queen;
And why? she kills their time and vents their spleen.

The brave, the wife, the good, she will defame,
A cursed fiend! and SCANDLE is her name.

Beckman-street, August 25.



The following VERSES are supposed to be written by Captain FRENEAU, and addressed to a young QUAKER LADY, that went passenger in his vessel to Georgia, to reside in the Western parts of that state.

THUS safe arriv'd, she greets the land,
And leaves her pilot for the land—
But LYDIA, why to deserts roam,
And thus forsake your floating home.

To what fond swain shall I resign,
The bosom that shall ne'er be mine;
Those eyes, like diamonds, finely set
In ivory—how shall I forget.

As o'er the seas with you I stray'd,
The hostile winds our course delay'd;
But, proud to waft a charge so fair,
To me were kind—and held you there.

I could not grieve when you complain'd
That adverse gales our barque detain'd,
Where foaming seas to mountains grow,
On gulph's of death conceal'd below.

With timorous heart and wat'ry eyes,
You saw the vast Atlantic rise—
Saw wintry seas their storms prepare,
And went to find no safety there.

Throughout the long December's night,
(While still your lamp was burning bright)
To dawn of day, from evening's close,
My pensive girl found no repose.

When travelling o'er that lonely wave
To me your sev'rish hand you gave,
And, sighing, bade me tell you true,
What lands again would rise to view?

When night came on with blust'ring gale,
You fear'd the tempest would prevail,
And anxious ask'd, if I was sure,
That on those depths we sail'd secure.

Delighted with a face so fair,
I half forgot my weight of care,
And saw, unmov'd the whirlwind rise,
Encircled moons, and threatening skies.

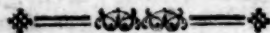
Then now, at length, arriv'd from sea,
Content, kind gale, to stay with me—
O, still faithful to her freight,
In direction wait.

When I am gone, when or why,
Kind reply—
Each whim allow,
To thee and thou.

If verse can life to beauty give,
For ages I can make you live;
Beyond the stars, triumphant rise,
While CHLOE's tomb neglected lies.

But LYDIA, why our barque forsake,
The road to western deserts take?
That lip, on which hung half my bliss,
Some savage now will bend to kiss:

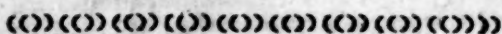
Some rustic foon, with fierce attack,
Shall force his arms about that neck,
And you, perhaps, will weeping come
To seek—in vain—your floating home.



THE MORALIST.

The INJURIES of FORTUNE do not AFFECT the MIND.

IT is not for a wise man to stand shifting, and fencing with fortune, but to oppose her benefactions; he is sufficiently convinc'd, that she can do him no hurt. She may take away his servants, possessions, and body; assault his body, put out his eyes, cut off his hands, and strip him of all the external comforts of life. But what does all this amount to, more than the recalling of a trust, which he has receiv'd, with condition to deliver it up again upon demand? He looks upon himself as precarious, and only lent to himself, and yet he does not value himself ever the less, because he is not his own but takes such care as an honest man should do, of a thing that is committed to him in trust. Whosoever he that lent me myself, and what I have, shall call for all back again, 'tis not a loss, but a restitution; and I must willingly deliver up what most undeserv'dly was bestowed upon me. And it will become me to return my mind better than I receiv'd it.



JOHN LENT,

GOLD, SILVER-SMITH, and JEWELLER,
No. 61, Beckman-street,

BECS leave to inform the public in general, and his friends in particular, that he carries on the above business in all its various branches, in the newest and most fashionable manner. Those who please to honor him with their commands, may depend upon being served in the nearest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

The highest price given for old Gold and Silver.
WANTED,—as an apprentice to the above business, a young LAD that can be well recommended. 10

To the Honorable the Legislature of the state of New-York in Senate and Assembly convened,—the memorial of Benjamin Close of Salem, in the county of Westchester, Humbly sheweth,

THAT about 17 years ago, Benjamin Close, late of Salem in the said county, deceased, the father of your memorialist, in consideration of certain services by him performed, gave your memorialist forty acres of unimproved land, lying in Salem aforesaid, but never executed any conveyance to him for the same; your memorialist rested satisfied under this parole grant, presuming that his said father (who was then an aged man) would at his decease, not only confirm the said grant, but also make him some further allowance out of his estate by will. He accordingly went on the said land and has made very considerable improvements upon the same;—that some time in the year 1778, the said Benjamin Close, deceased, was sent within the British lines by the commissioners of conspiracies in said county, for refusing to take the oath of abjuration, or as it was commonly called, the test oath; that the said Benjamin Close,

deceased, died intestate on the 25th day of January, in the year 1781. Your memorialist being his eldest son, and heir at law; that subsequent to the death of the said Benjamin Close, proceedings were had against him in the supreme court of judicature of this state, to judgment and conviction under the act called the confiscation law;—that during the session of the Legislature in the year 1787, while your memorialist was absent beyond the sea, on the application of certain persons unfriendly to your memorialist, a law was passed under presumption of the validity of the conviction of the said Benjamin aforesaid mentioned, vesting the estate of the said Benjamin Close, deceased, so forfeited in certain trustees therein named for the payment of his debts, and directing the overplus to be divided among Stephen Close and Martha Close (half brother and sister of your memorialist) and Mary Reynolds, daughter and representative of Mary Reynolds, deceased; by which act the said parcel of land which has been improved by the expence and labor of your memorialist, has been taken from him contrary to the ordinary course of decents to the great injury of your memorialist and several of his creditors, to whom he had mortgaged it in the year 1784, and no crime has ever been imputed to your memorialist to his knowledge by which he could forfeit his right: That the trustees in the said act named, under a conviction of the justice of the claim of your memorialist to the said lot of land, have delayed making any disposition of the same. That your memorialist might have an opportunity of appealing to the Legislature for relief. Your memorialist begs leave further to represent, that there is other property both real and personal of the said Benjamin Close, deceased, in possession of the said trustees in the act aforesaid named, amply sufficient to discharge all the debts of the said Benjamin Close, deceased.

Your memorialist therefore humbly prays, that the Honorable the Legislature will by law vest him with an estate in fee simple in the said forty acres of land, or grant him such other relief as they in their wisdom shall think proper, and your memorialist as in duty bound, will ever pray.

In Assembly, February 29, 1788.

RESOLVED, if the Honorable the Senate concur herein, that Benjamin Close of Salem, in the county of Westchester, have leave to present to either house of the Legislature, on the first Monday after a quorum of both houses shall be convened at the next meeting of the Legislature, after the first Monday in July next, a bill to vest the petitioner with an estate in fee simple in forty acres of land in the said petition mentioned, whereof the father of the petitioner died seized. Provided, That the petitioner do cause a copy of his said petition, and a copy of this resolution to be previously published six weeks successively, in two of the public news-papers, printed in the city of New-York; to the end, that all persons who may conceive their interest affected thereby, may appear at the bar of either house, and shew cause against the passing such bill.

Ordered, That Mr. Wyckoff and Mr. Schoonmaker, deliver a copy of the last preceding resolution to the Honorable the Senate and request their concurrence.

A copy,
JOHN M'KESSON, CLK.

In Senate, March 3, 1788.

RESOLVED, that the Senate do concur with the Honorable the Assembly in their preceding resolution.

Ordered, That Mr. Hopkins deliver a copy of the preceding concurrent resolution to the Hon. the Assembly.

By order,
ABM. B. BANCKER, CLK.